Revenge by Kyarorain

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Summary:

Karst thinks about the person she hates most, the one who took away the life of her older sister. Isaac.

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Here's a short and somewhat dark ficlet, centering around Karst. Mentions of violence, naturally.

Camelot owns Golden Sun.

Revenge was such a sweet and tantalising word to her. It was enough to make her quiver in ecstasy as she imagined how she would go about punishing the object of her vengeance. Would she slowly torture them before delivering the final blow, or quickly send them to their death in a fight?

As she ran a hand over the flat end of her polished scythe, the wind blew past her, whispering that hated name into her ear. "Isaac..." Her muscles clenched in anger and her ruby eyes narrowed. That despicable, hated boy, he had taken away one of the most precious things to her.

"Sister..." Karst whispered, closing her eyes as she recalled her last memory of her beloved older sister. Menardi, looking back over her shoulder, giving her a last wave as she turned away from Prox and left along with Saturos and Felix. They had walked away, disappearing into the thick snowfall, and Karst was left wondering when they would return.

Then she had left Prox as well with Agatio, seeking news of Saturos and Menardi, after more than a month had passed.

That was when she learned the crushing news which sowed the seeds of vengeance in her heart. Saturos and Menardi had been slain, and the one who took their lives was Isaac.

Karst's mother had died shortly after giving birth to her and then her father had been killed in a fall when she was just four years old. From that point, Menardi did all she could to raise Karst alone. Her older sister was the only family she had and now she had none.

The red-haired Proxian let out a bitter sigh and shifted upon the rock where she sat, her dull eyes passing over the wilderness. The tents were already set up in the campsite and Agatio had got the fire burning. Alex had gone to find a wild animal to hunt down for food. Even with her teammate sitting nearby, right now, Karst was feeling hopelessly alone.

"I'm going to get revenge for you someday," Karst whispered, clenching a fist and staring bitterly at her scythe. She had managed to clean off the last flecks of blood from that brief battle with monsters earlier, so now it shone. Menardi had been a skilled user of scythes and Karst used to watch her training, gazing in fascination as the scythe hummed through the air, the user dancing with it as she sliced up every obstacle in her path.

Of course, Karst had followed in her footsteps and learned to use the scythe as well, but had only recently become as skilled with using it. A small part of her believed she never could be as good as her sister, but she had to do her best. One day, she would use this against Isaac and take his life for Menardi.

One day, she would find Isaac, and take him down. Karst smiled to herself, imagining that soon she, along with Agatio and Alex, would discover Isaac and his companions walking

around somewhere on the way to Jupiter Lighthouse and they would quickly and silently ambush his group, disposing of Isaac's friends before he could do a thing.

Isaac would be aggrieved to see his friends lying dead around him, cursing himself for being unable to stop the attackers, and in his grief, he would be weak and vulnerable. It would be good for him to feel the same pain as her, that bitter, aching pain of loss. However, he would be defeated before he could feel the hot, smouldering desire for revenge.

Maybe she wouldn't kill him on the spot. They would fight and weaken Isaac, then she would have her way with him. Karst's fingers wrapped tighter around the handle of the scythe as again she fantasised about what she would do to that boy before ending his life for Menardi.

Perhaps she would tie him up so that he couldn't move or even attack her, and she would begin to torture him. Isaac would stare at her, his eyes filled with sadness and terror, begging for her to spare his life but she would ignore him and wrap her hands around his neck, her claws digging into his exposed flesh. He would slowly choke, his face turning blue, and she would laugh in his face and taunt him before letting go and allowing him to breathe again.

The next step would be to cut him up with her scythe and watch his blood run out of him in beautiful crimson rivers. She would make him scream in pain and relish the sound. It would be music to her ears. He would be crying at this point, she was sure, tears streaking down his face and he might even beg for forgiveness, but Karst would not forgive him.

The final blow would end his life in one stroke. She would swing the scythe and the last thing he ever heard would be its song humming through the air as it came to separate his

head from his shoulders. Karst would then kick his head in contempt and leave his body to rot where it lay, among the bodies of his friends as well.

Menardi would be avenged and that would be it. With Menardi's killers dead, Karst felt her soul could finally be at peace. Her sister would surely want her death avenged and only then could she truly rest. Isaac needed to die for what he had done. He had taken away the person Karst loved most, her only remaining family.

Karst raised her head, her scarlet eyes sparkling with tears. "Menardi..." she whispered in a soft voice, gazing in the direction where Jupiter Lighthouse lay, miles ahead of them. That was where she was sure she really would see Isaac. "I swear I'm going to get revenge for you. Isaac will pay."